MARVEL

1

BRING ON THE BAD GUYS

DORMAMU

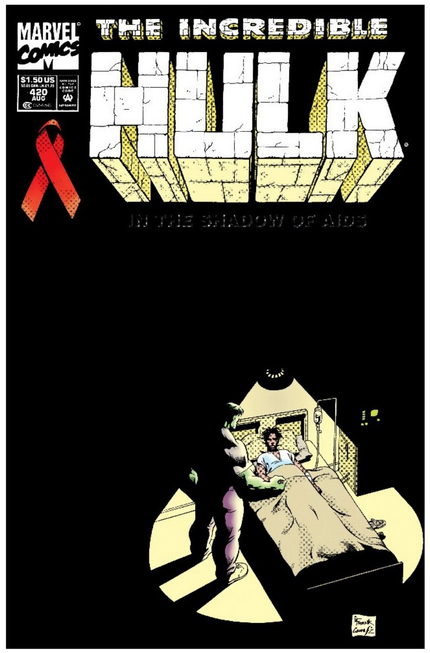
PAKNADEL
PINA
ARCINIEGA

GUGGENHEIM
STA. MARIA
SÁNCHEZ-ALMARA

RATED T+

PETER DAVID

1956-2025



Marvel is saddened by the passing of Peter David, an incredible writer whose talents affected every part of the comics world and beyond.

David's twelve-year run on *Incredible Hulk* was remarkable not only for its length, but also for the depth of ideas, innovations and clever writing. His influence on the character has extended through the years and from page to screen.

He created Spider-Man 2099, one of the first multiversal Spider-Men, and wrote three smart, charming and character-focused *X-Factor* runs. He brought his talents to the rest of the comics industry, including DC's *Young Justice*, *Aquaman* and *Supergirl*. He has written many shelves' full of novels, from his own *Sir Apropos of Nothing* to many ground-breaking Star Trek novels. His column for the *Comics Buyer's Guide*, "But I Digress," gave insights into the comic book industry for more than a decade.

On television, he was the co-creator of *Space Cases* and wrote episodes of *Babylon 5*. He also wrote the films *Oblivion* (1994) and two entries in the *Trancers* series. He has won numerous awards, including an Eisner, an Inkpot, a *Wizard* Fan Award and a GLAAD Media Award.

He is survived by his wife Kathleen and his children Shana, Gwen, Ariel and Caroline.

PHOTO BY KATHLEEN O'SHEA DAVID

"The only meaningful power is the power we have to help each other. And no power is greater than love, Rick. It's very cornball. It's also true."

— Peter David in *Incredible Hulk #467*

"Peter's Hulk was a green beacon at the point when I was breaking into comics. It seemed to be the one book at Marvel without an 'X' on it that really got fans excited. When I came aboard, I couldn't believe how welcoming and generous Peter was to a young artist with no real track record, and the humanity in his characters became a template for the kind of books I would always want to make.

"Even today, thirty years later, the majority of fans I meet open with, 'I loved that Peter David run on Hulk.' Special books. Special writer."

— Gary Frank

"Peter was always thinking around corners. Whenever he got a new assignment, his approach would be, 'Okay, what does everyone expect from this series? Great, let's do something else.' And he'd show you a different angle, a different approach, that would suddenly illuminate the characters in a whole new way. He wasn't an 'Everything you know is wrong' guy, but he was definitely an 'Okay, what else?' guy. And it worked—for him, for the books, for his legion of readers. He'd give you something no one else could."

— Kurt Busiek

WHITEHAVEN, ENGLAND. 1907.

"WHEN I WAS A BOY, ONLY ONE ROOM IN THE HOUSE WAS EVER OUT-OF-BOUNDS (AND THEREFORE IRRESISTIBLE) TO ME...

"...FATHER'S STUDY--OR 'SANCTUM SANCTORUM' AS HE REFERRED TO IT IN HIS STRANGE, STRANGLED LATIN.

"FROM MY GOVERNESS, I WAS ABLE TO ASCERTAIN THAT IT CONTAINED ***ENSORCELLED ARTIFACTS*** FROM A HIDDEN LAND.

"KAMAR-TAJ, I BELIEVE IT WAS CALLED.

"THESE ITEMS ONCE BELONGED TO MY ***TIBETAN GRANDMOTHER,*** WHO MET MY GRANDFATHER ON ONE OF HIS BEASTLY COLONIAL ESCAPADES.

"I WOULD COME TO KNOW ALL THAT LAY BEHIND THAT HEAVY OAK DOOR ***INTIMATELY*** AFTER THAT NIGHT.

CREEEAAK

KRRR

...

JAMES?

RKKK

KLLL

F-FATHER?

HNNN!

"AN ASSASSIN-- ONE OF ***DOZENS*** DOWN THE CENTURIES, EACH DETERMINED TO PRUNE OUR LINE WITH THAT SAME CURIOUS DAGGER.

CLOSE THE DOOR-- THERE'S A GOOD CHAP!

YOU KNOW HOW LIGHTLY YOUR MOTHER SLEEPS WITHOUT HER LAUDANUM!

"FATHER NEVER TOLD ME WHY THEY KEPT COMING FOR US. I DON'T THINK EVEN HE KNEW.

"MY TRAINING IN THE MYSTIC ARTS BEGAN THE VERY NEXT MORNING.

LONDON, ENGLAND. 1925.

SHOW IT TO ME, JIMMY... THE *DAGGER.* DID IT REALLY *GLOW?*

I WISH I COULD, AGNES MY DARLING.

IT DISAPPEARED *QUITE UNACCOUNTABLY* FROM FATHER'S EFFECTS AFTER THE OLD GOAT SNUFFED IT.

NOT TO WORRY. I'LL BE SEEING IT AGAIN SOON ENOUGH, I'M SURE.

OOH, IS THAT WHAT THIS HAS ALL BEEN ABOUT, JIMMY...THE ORDER...THE RITUAL...?

IS THE ETERNAL FOOTMAN COMING FOR THE *WARLOCK OF SOHO?*

...

HERE'S THE TRUTH OF IT, OLD THING. I AM A *VERY* POOR SORCERER.

PFF! DON'T TALK SUCH ROT! EVEN CROWLEY'S LOT FALL SILENT WHEN YOU ENTER A ROOM.

A *TRUE* MAGICIAN WOULDN'T NEED *ACOLYTES...*

...AND HE WOULDN'T LOOK TO *DORMAMMU* FOR PROTECTION.

UGH! WE'RE GOING TO BE SUMMONING THAT?!

I'D BE MORE RESPECTFUL IF I WERE YOU.

THE ANCIENT SUMERIANS CALLED HIM "HANBI"--LORD OF EVIL--BUT DORMAMMU IS A TRUE *PRINCE OF THE OUTER DARK.*

A WHOLE *COSMOS* OF MAD ANGLES AND PULSING LARVAE IS HIS TO COMMAND.

GOOD... EVIL...ALL MEANINGLESS. THE DREAD DORMAMMU TRANSCENDS OUR CONSTIPATED MORALITY.

HE SIMPLY *IS.*

YOU'RE *CERTAIN* THIS WILL WORK?

AGNES, AFTER TONIGHT, WE'LL BE ABLE TO GO ANYWHERE... *BE* WHOEVER WE WANT.

I'M NO SORCERER, BUT I KNOW HOW TO *STRIKE A BARGAIN.*

THEN COME ON...

...YOUR FLOCK IS WAITING FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS.

"POOR AGNES. I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HER TO FLEE FROM ME AS THOUGH I WERE A FEVERED HOUND.

"BUT I NEEDED *SACRIFICES FOR THE SUMMONING.*

HELLO. LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY SINNER WORKING THE SABBATH.

YOU LOST, TREACLE?

I HAVE BUSINESS WITHIN.

I *BET* YOU DO, DARLIN', BUT IT'S CLOSED TONIGHT. PRIVATE FUNCTION.

NOW GO ON, SOD OFF BACK TO KINGS CROSS BEFORE I CALL THE OLD BILL. WE DON'T WANT *YOUR SORT* 'ROUND HERE.

HRRRNNN...

=SIGH= ALL THE *HIRELINGS* I DISPATCHED TO WIPE OUT THIS WEARISOME BLOODLINE...

HOW I'VE MISSED THE *DIRECT APPROACH.*

UTT!

KRAKK

ON THE BAD GUYS

DORMAMMU

The SOUL FORGE is an ancient artifact that can give whoever gains access to it control over all souls on Earth. The forge can only be utilized after a sacred incantation is delivered along with the souls of descendants from an ancient cult known as the LORDS OF DARKNESS.

Whoever gains access to the Soul Forge puts the fate of the souls of the entire planet in peril. As MEPHISTO and his reluctant disciple SISTER SORROW aim to power the forge, villains from throughout history are called upon to deliver the souls required...

"THE BOOK of the FALTINE"

WRITER
ALEX PAKNADEL

ARTIST
JAVIER PINA

COLOR ARTIST
ERICK ARCINIEGA

LETTERER
VC's TRAVIS LANHAM

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS
J. SCOTT CAMPBELL; LEE GARBETT & SUNNY GHO ['Nuff Said]; CORIN HOWELL & RACHELLE ROSENBERG [Sister Sorrow]; MIGUEL MERCADO; JAVIER PINA & ERICK ARCINIEGA

COVER ARTIST
LEE BERMEJO

DESIGNER
CARLOS LAO

ADD'L LOGO DESIGN
GABRIEL MATA

EDITOR
DREW BAUMGARTNER

EDITOR IN CHIEF
C.B. CEBULSKI

"INTO the DARK DIMENSION"

BASED ON THE CLASSIC STORY BY STAN LEE AND STEVE DITKO.

WRITER
MARC GUGGENHEIM

ARTIST
MICHAEL STA. MARIA

COLOR ARTIST
DONO SÁNCHEZ-ALMARA

EDITOR
MIKEY J. BASSO

SENIOR EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA

DORMAMMU CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO.

BELOVEDS... INITIATES OF THE *ORDER OF THE PEACOCK QUILL*, I HAVE ASKED MUCH OF YOU, IT'S TRUE.

BUT TONIGHT, THAT FAITH WILL BE REWARDED. TONIGHT, THE GREAT WORK BEGINS!

AS ABOVE...SO BELOW!
AS ABOVE...SO BELOW!!!

WE ARE ABOUT TO EMBARK ON AN UNDERTAKING OF GREAT CONSEQUENCE...

...NOTHING LESS THAN THE MANIFESTATION AND BINDING OF THE *FALTINE DORMAMMU* HIMSELF!

LET US RECITE THE INVOCATION...

...TOGETHER.

"I MOUTHED ALONG AS THEY CHANTED, BUT I DIDN'T DARE MAKE A SOUND.

"THE LANGUAGE WAS *OLD*, YOU SEE. OLDER THAN TONGUES. OLDER THAN *TIDES*.

"WHEN SPOKEN, IT *CAME ALIVE*--RESHAPING ITS HOSTS TO BETTER FORM ITS ANCIENT, RAGGED VOWELS.

KRKK

SNAP

"I HAD SPENT SEVEN LONG YEARS RECRUITING--WEAVING THOSE POOR SOULS INTO THE TAPESTRY OF MY SCHEME...

"...AND NOW I WAS WATCHING THEM DIE.

"THE MIRROR HISSED LIKE A SKILLET BEHIND ME. I COULD SENSE HIS COMING, BUT I COULD NOT BEAR TO LOOK.

"INSTEAD, MY EYES FOUND AGNES', BURNING WITH BLAME AND INCOMPREHENSION.

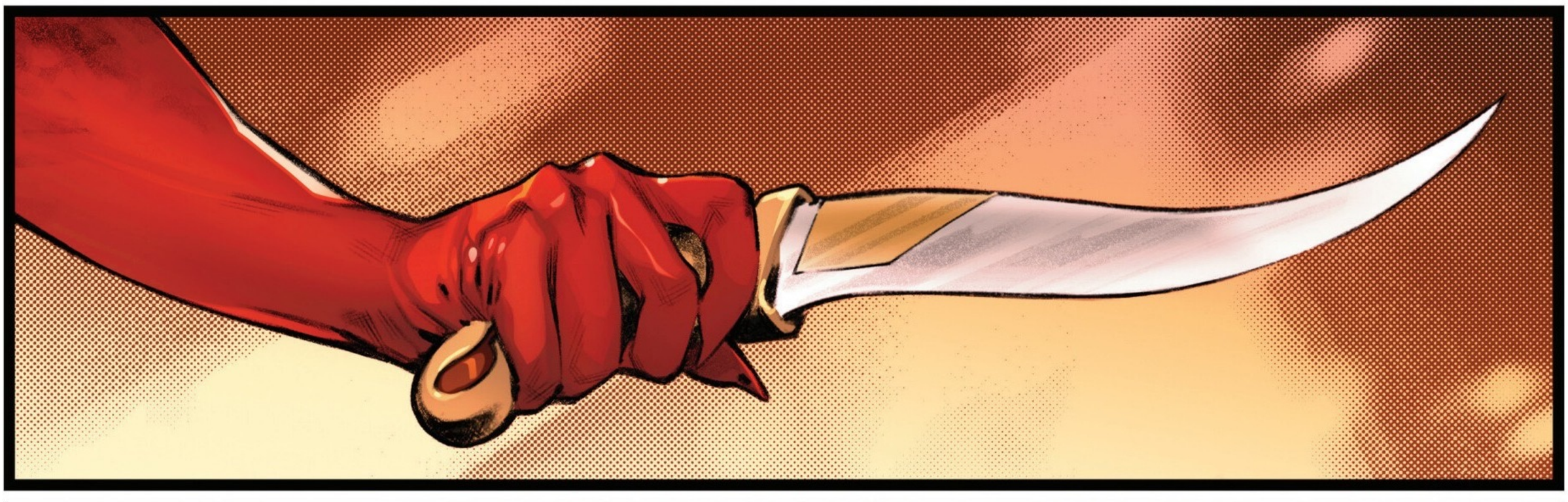
J-JIMMY?

DON'T... DON'T TOUCH ME.

"IT WASN'T UNTIL THAT MOMENT THAT I REALIZED I TRULY LOVED HER.

...

I'M SORRY.



WHO...
...DARES...

...SUMMON...

...DORMAMMU?
BOOOM

I--I, LORD JAMES RAVENGLASS OF CUMBERLAND, FIRST FRATER OF THE HERMETIC ORDER OF THE PEACOCK QUILL. I DARE.

A-AND BY THE CHAINS OF KRAKKAN, I *THRICE* BIND THEE!

YOUR ORDER SEEMS... *DIMINISHED,* LITTLE PEACOCK.

DID YOU TELL THEM THE RITE OF EVOCATION WOULD TAKE FROM THEM THEIR MEAGER ALLOTMENT OF DAYS?

...

WE HAVE *BUSINESS,* DREAD ONE.

I WISH TO BE PROTECTED.

FROM *ALL* HARM.

"I HAD BOUND DORMAMMU TO THIS PLANE AND TO ME. HE HAD NO CHOICE...

"...YET HIS ***TERRIBLE SMILE*** DID NOT WAVER.

VERY WELL, LITTLE PEACOCK. WE HAVE A BARGAIN.

"THE ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE CEASED IMMEDIATELY.

"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ***JUBILANT,*** BUT ALL THE GIN IN LONDON COULDN'T BLOT OUT THE MEMORY OF THAT SMILE.

"I WAS BOUND FOR BEDLAM OR THE ***GUTTER...***

"...UNTIL A CHANCE ENCOUNTER AT THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES CABARET TURNED IT ALL AROUND.

I SAY...

...IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ***SWING A SHOE*** THEN YOU CAN AT LEAST BUY A GIRL A COCKTAIL.

TELL THEM NOT TO SCRIMP ON THE BRANDY, *HMM?*

"HER NAME WAS TILDA.

"WE ELOPED IN THE SPRING OF 1926.

"BY THE AUTUMN OF 1930, I HAD TAKEN AN EXECUTIVE JOB WITH COUNTY CHEMICALS. OUR SON HUGO WAS 4.

"I'D BOOKED US PASSAGE TO KARACHI ON THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF THE R101 AIRSHIP-- AT THAT TIME, THE WORLD'S LARGEST.

"HUGO WHIMPERED AS WE BOARDED, BELIEVING THE GREAT DIRIGIBLE TO BE A...A ***HUNGRY MONSTER*** OF SOME KIND.

GOING ***ALL THE WAY*** TODAY, ARE WE, SIR?

"HE ALWAYS SAW THE ***TRUTH OF THINGS,*** MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

"WE SET OFF FROM CARDINGTON AIRFIELD TO ***UPROARIOUS APPLAUSE--*** ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF BRITISH PLUCK AND INGENUITY.

"IT DIDN'T LAST.

"IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, WE ENTERED THE FIRST OF TWO STEEP DIVES.

P-PAPA?

"THE FIRST WOKE HUGO.

"THE SECOND BROUGHT R101'S MAIDEN VOYAGE TO A PREMATURE AND FIERY END OUTSIDE ALLONNE IN NORTHERN FRANCE, INSTANTLY KILLING FIFTY PEOPLE...

"...INCLUDING HUGO AND TILDA.

R101

"THEY FOUND ME SIFTING THROUGH THE WRECKAGE FOR MY BOY'S CHARRED REMAINS, WAILING LIKE A GOAT.

"I HAD EMERGED FROM THE CRASH *COMPLETELY UNSCATHED.*

"AT FIRST, THE DOCTORS WERE *CONFOUNDED.*

"THEN THEY BECAME *EXCITED.*

"AND SO I WAS BROUGHT *HERE...*

"...FOR FURTHER STUDY.

"YOUR PEOPLE NEVER TOLD ME WHO YOU WERE-- BRITISH INTELLIGENCE, I ASSUME.

BRRRRAAAAKK

"THEY TRIED EVERY METHOD OF EXECUTION THEY COULD THINK OF ON ME..."

...I'VE BEEN SHOT, STABBED, DROWNED, GASSED, INCINERATED AND BLOWN UP MORE TIMES THAN I CAN COUNT.

YOU EVEN SEALED ME INSIDE A BARREL OF SULFURIC ACID ONCE.

YET HERE I SIT, ***DECADES*** LATER... LINED BUT UNSCARRED.

AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW, DOCTOR, *UH...*

I'M SORRY, I NEVER CAUGHT YOUR NAME.

YOUR PHYSICAL CONDITION ISN'T IN QUESTION HERE, JAMES.

I'M HERE TO DETERMINE THE PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPACT--IF ANY--OF THE, *UH...* ***STUDIES...*** ON YOUR PERSON.

PSYCHOLOGICAL? YES.

I SEE HIM EVERYWHERE. ***DORMAMMU.***

OTHERS TOO. ***MINDLESS,*** LUMBERING GOLEMS.

THEY'VE COME TO ***GLOAT.***

YOU SEE, THIS IS ***WHAT I WANTED.***

"DORMAMMU SWORE TO KEEP ME *SAFE FROM ALL HARM.*

"AND HE WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD."

...

IT MIGHT NOT BE MY PLACE TO SAY, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM ALL THAT ***ANGRY*** ABOUT ANY OF THIS, JAMES.

WHY ON EARTH WOULD I BE, DOCTOR?

I BROUGHT EVERY ***ATOM*** OF THIS DOWN ON MY OWN HEAD.

THANK YOU.

THANK YOU FOR SAYING THAT.

A-AGNES?

YOU CAN'T BE HERE. I WATCHED YOU...

LATER.

KLK

DORMAMMU DIDN'T PROTECT YOU, JAMES.

HE PULLED YOU INTO HIS REALM, AND HE'S BEEN TORTURING YOU EVER SINCE.

THIS ISN'T... IT'S NOT...?

REAL?

NO.

I CAN TAKE YOU HOME...IF YOU'LL LET ME.

BUT WHATEVER YOU DO...

...DON'T LOOK BACK!

VZZZZHT

SHHRAAAKK

MOVE!

WHY ARE YOU RUNNING, LITTLE PEACOCK?

HE'S FOUND US.

I HELD UP MY END OF THE BARGAIN.

I VOWED TO KEEP YOU SAFE...

...AND WHERE COULD BE SAFER IN ALL THE HELLS...

NO. ALL THIS TIME...

...THAN THE DARK DIMENSION?

I TOLD YOU NOT TO LOOK BACK!

OH, THANK YOU, AGNES. THANK YOU.

I'VE GOT YOU, MY DARLING.

I...I'M *YOUNG.* I MUST HAVE ONLY BEEN IN THAT NIGHTMARE FOR A MATTER OF...

...

AGNES?

AGNES, YOUR *BODY'S* STILL HERE.

OH, VERY GOOD, JAMES.

UKK!

MY NAME IS SISTER SORROW, AND I'M HERE FOR YOUR *SOUL.*

SHLUKK

I DID WONDER WHEN YOU'D CATCH ON.

YOU PLUCKED ONE OF MY *PLAYTHINGS* FROM MY REALM, WOMAN...

...TELL ME WHY *YOU* SHOULD NOT SUFFER IN HIS STEAD, *SISTER SORROW.*

LORD DORMAMMU, I WAS TASKED WITH CLAIMING RAVENGLASS' SOUL FOR MY MASTER, ***MEPHISTO.***

WOULD YOU TRULY RISK ***OPEN WAR*** WITH THE PRINCE OF LIES OVER A MERE ***PLAYTHING?***

...

PERHAPS NOT. BUT KNOW THIS...

"...DORMAMMU NEVER FORGETS AN *INSULT.*"

DORMAMMU'S ATTACK GROWS EVER STRONGER.

AND TRY AS I MAY, I CANNOT BREAK THROUGH HIS DEFENSES... CANNOT FIND A WAY TO ***REACH*** HIM!

SEVERAL YEARS LATER.

DOCTOR STRANGE'S FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE DREAD DORMAMMU.

INTO THE DARK DIMENSION

MARC GUGGENHEIM writer
MICHAEL STA. MARIA artist
DONO SÁNCHEZ-ALMARA color artist
VC's TRAVIS LANHAM letterer
MIKEY J. BASSO editor
MARK PANICCIA senior editor

THE ***MINDLESS ONES!*** THEY'VE ***BROKEN THROUGH!***

NOW ***NOTHING*** MATTERS! WE ARE ***ALL*** DOOMED!

I SHALL ATTEND TO YOU ***LATER,*** EARTHLING!

FOR THE MOMENT, I SEE A MORE PRESSING PROBLEM TO DISPOSE OF!

BACK, CREATURES OF THE NIGHT!!... BACK...I ***COMMAND*** YOU, BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR!

STAND **STILL,** DREADED ONE! LET THE POWER OF MY AMULET SEEP INTO YOU, ADDING TO YOUR OWN!

THEY CANNOT PENETRATE ANY FURTHER! IT ***HOLDS!*** MY BARRIER ***HOLDS!***

CURSE **YOU,** MORTAL! CURSE THE FACT THAT I NEEDED YOUR HELP! CURSE THE WOEFUL FATE THAT HAS PLACED ME IN YOUR DEBT!

TRULY, YOU ***ARE*** IN MY DEBT, DORMAMMU! BUT I SHALL GO EASY ON YOU! I ASK ONLY ***TWO*** PROMISES...AND THEN THE DEBT SHALL BE ***PAID!***

ONE: NO HARM MUST COME TO THIS FEMALE! ***TWO:*** YOU MUST VOW NEVER TO INVADE THE EARTH!

SO ***BE*** IT! BUT I SHALL NEVER REST UNTIL I HAVE ***AVENGED*** THIS INDIGNITY.

WHAT WILL NOW BECOME OF *YOU*, CLEA? PERHAPS THERE COULD BE A WAY TO TAKE YOU *BACK* WITH ME?!

NO, THIS IS MY WORLD! IT IS *HERE* THAT I BELONG.

GO, MAN OF MYSTERY. AND WHATEVER ELSE BEFALLS, ALWAYS KNOW...I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOU.

I SHOULD *KILL* YOU FOR YOUR TREACHERY, WOMAN. BUT I AM *SPENT* FROM THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE EARTHER.

BEGONE FROM MY SIGHT!

CURSED WOMAN...I SHOULD HAVE STRUCK HER DOWN WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!

DORMAMMU...

...I WOULD BEG A MOMENT OF YOUR *TIME*, M'LORD.

SISTER SORROW. I AM IN NO MOOD TO DEAL WITH MEPHISTO'S LAPDOG.

MIND YOUR *TONGUE*, DEMON. OR I'LL *CUT* IT OUT.

AS IT HAPPENS, I'M NOT THE WOMAN YOU'RE *FAMILIAR* WITH.

I'M FROM YOUR *FUTURE*. I KNOW WHY MEPHISTO SOUGHT RAVENGLASS' SOUL ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.

AND I BRING GRIM TIDINGS OF WHAT'S TO COME.

THE PRINCE OF LIES MEANS TO EMPOWER *THE SOUL FORGE*.

THAT FOOL IS STILL *CHASING* BLOODLINES OF THE LORDS OF DARKNESS? DOES HE REALLY THINK THAT WILL END IN ANYTHING BUT *FOLLY*?

AND DO *YOU* REALLY THINK I EVEN *CARE*?

I *KNOW* YOU DO.

BECAUSE DESPITE THE *BARGAIN* YOU JUST STRUCK WITH STEPHEN STRANGE, I KNOW YOU *COVET* THE EARTH.

IT WILL BE FAR MORE *DIFFICULT* TO INVADE IF IT'S UNDER MEPHISTO'S THRALL.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE UTTERLY *LOYAL* TO THE PRINCE OF LIES.

I *OWE* HIM A DEBT. ONE THAT CAN *NEVER* BE REPAID.

FORTUNATELY, HOWEVER...

...I'VE DEVISED A WAY TO *FREE* MYSELF.

IT WOULD SEEM *THAT'S* WHAT YOU NEED MY HELP FOR.

THE SOUL FORGE IS JUST A *PRETEXT.*

VERY WELL. *REFUSE* TO HELP ME.

AND WATCH IN SILENCE AS MEPHISTO CLAIMS THE *PRIZE* YOU BELIEVE TO BE RIGHTFULLY *YOURS.*

YOU...MAKE A COMPELLING ARGUMENT.

IN YOUR FUTURE, HAS MEPHISTO *OBTAINED* THE FORGE YET?

YES. *AND* HE HAS THE MEANS TO *POWER* IT.

THEN I *DOUBT* THE MERE *TWO* OF US COULD DEFEAT HIM.

WHO SAYS THERE ARE ONLY *TWO* OF US?

TO BE CONTINUED...IN BRING ON THE BAD GUYS: MEPHISTO!

NEXT:

Mephisto #1

DOOM #1

GREEN GOBLIN #1

ABOMINATION #1

LOKI #1

RED SKULL #1

DORMAMMU #1

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